

# Puck

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS



“RAPHAEL  
KIRSCHNER”

Original in the possession of the Bruton  
Galleries, Bruton Street, W., London

Painted by Raphael Kirchner of Paris

A FEATHER IN HER CAP



Puck



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# A Cover That Moved "Tommy Atkins" to Verse

If we were asked to name one man whose work has stood out among the masters of color who have made *La Vie Parisienne*, we would unhesitatingly choose Raphael Kirchner, who is responsible for this week's cover of PUCK. It is, therefore, with no little pride that PUCK announces the artistic achievement of the year, by which it has secured the exclusive rights to Mr. Kirchner's work for this country.

"A Feather in Her Cap" is the first of a series of the most beautiful color pages that this celebrated Frenchman has painted. Some of them are to be shown this winter at a public exhibition in New York, and they will make their appearance in the pages of PUCK regularly thereafter. That they promise to be the artistic sensation of the season is already evidenced by the unusual interest manifested on the part of artist circles of New York.

"A Feather in Her Cap" was first published by *La Vie Parisienne*, and the following collection of verses were prompted by the appearance of this Kirchner creation in the trenches, where it was eagerly cut out and hung on the walls of hundreds of dug-outs by French and British soldiers. These poems were actually written by men at the front in praise of this painting.

## "Dolores"

Of us lay in a dug-out,  
As homesick as we could be,  
And worshipped a feminine picture  
Cut from an old *La Vie*.

We gazed at her silken stockings,  
We studied her Cupid's bow,  
And we thought of the suppers we used to  
buy  
And the girls that we used to know.

And we all, in our several fashions,  
Paid toll to the lady's charms,  
From the man of a hundred passions  
To the subaltern child in arms.

Never the sketch of a master  
So jealously kept and prized;  
Never a woman of flesh and blood  
So truly idealized!

And because of her slender ankle,  
And her coiffure—distinctly French—  
We called her "La Belle Dolores,"  
Vivandière of the Trench.

## The Captain's Tribute

Laddies, I despise the female species  
(Tho' they say that love-affairs are sweet),  
So I dinna care about the picture  
(Tho' she's awfu' neat about the feet).



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While I have a verrr easy conscience,  
Yet I find it hard to sleep o' nights;  
P'raps it is that after sae much bloodshed  
I'm unnerved by looking at such sights.

So I'll gaze nae mair upon the picture,  
Lest my thoughts from righteousness should  
stray.

I shall just forget she's in the dug-out;  
Only—dinna tak' the lass away.

## The Irish Subaltern

I'm wondering why I squirm and seethe  
Whenever I gaze awhile  
At the girl with the perfectly ripping teeth  
And the deucedly topping smile?

She wears her clothes so devilish well,  
And she's such an attractive wench  
That she could be all the world—Oh, Hell,  
I'm still in this blistered trench!

Her ankles dangle so daintily  
Underneath her sheath-like skirt,  
Which in itself appears to me  
Divine, tho' distinctly—curt.

Her silk-shod foot to my heart anew,  
Tender excitement brings,  
And the lace of her petticoat peeping  
through  
Suggests such feminine things.

## The Engaged Subaltern

Amber eyes, amber eyes,  
Opening up in shy surprise,  
Were you by  
Now, would I  
Still remain so worldly-wise?

Conscience-free I can be  
Tho' you gaze askance at me;  
Still, my dear,  
Were you here  
Would I then be conscience-free?

Harvest bare virtue reaps,  
Circumstance his vigil keeps;  
Could I reach  
You, my peach,  
Which of us but virtue sleeps?

## The Married Man

When I turned about in the small dug-out,  
My glance on the picture tarried;  
So I hied me away from the fair display,  
Remembering I was married.

## The Very Junior Captain

The Captain paused at the dug-out door;  
In his breathless way, he observed: "Oh,  
Lor!"

What a Pearl of a girl, you chaps; my word,  
I'd buy her a quart of the best, a bird,  
A box at the Gaiety—Lor! what fun!  
I'd do the thing as it should be done:  
Supper at Murray's, a perfect floor,  
And what could a fellow wish for more?  
Sensuous music, a dreamy band,  
A delicate pressure of the hand;  
Then, after a last-liqueur or so,  
A whispered word in the Hall; What-Ho!  
I'd drive her home in the daylight drab,  
And trust to luck in the taxi-cab.

## The Idealist

I have known many loves, Dolores,  
Fleeting and tender, grave and gay—  
Each one absorbing in its fashion.

I have known  
Love and laughter and tears and passion.  
Times, I have watched the fairies dance,  
Heavenwards; and too well, perchance,  
I may have loved at times, 'tis true;  
Yet, I have dallied lightly too—  
Dallied to while the hours away:  
I have known many loves, Dolores.

And now you come, and all the loves long  
ended,  
Sorrows too poignant and delights too  
sweet—  
Dead till you came—have risen and are  
blended  
Into the love I lay before your feet.

## The Skating Puck

Let us turn from Tommy's raptures  
over Dolores long enough to remind you  
that next week ushers in the SKATING  
PUCK—a number in which, with elfin  
glee, Puck pays his respects to those  
earnest souls who are bravely endeavoring  
to preserve at once their poise,  
equilibrium and dignity on the icy  
stretches of Broadway's gay rinks.

When Puck holds the mirror of satire  
up to the followers of a new fad,  
the reflection is pretty certain to entertain,  
amuse and enlighten. We can say  
no more in support of the SKATING  
PUCK than to voice the opinion of those  
members of the staff who have been detailed  
to "cover" the subject:

"The best chance for funny pictures  
we ever tackled," and this is unanimous.





Wouldn't there be room in the Detroit River for the Oscar II? That is, of course, assuming that Detroit has a modicum of civic pride.

You hear people say that Shakespeare is dead. That's nonsense.  
—William A. Brady.

Of course it's nonsense. Just let Hamlet or Othello learn to walk like Charley Chaplin, and you'll see how dead Shakespeare is.

"Learn to tell a story," a Western railway advises its employees; "a well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room." A locomotive cab is a noisy place, but engineer and fireman might practice story-telling, we should think, by means of megaphones. How much pleasanter to pass the time in this manner than in everlastingly looking for signals along the monotonous track ahead.

Charles W. Morse has purchased four steamers recently in service on the Great Lakes to relieve the freight congestion at this port.—*Shipping news.*

If there is a spark of gratitude in a "dying man" he will rechristen one of those boats and name it the William H. Taft.



Drawn by Nelson Groom

"YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME WITH THAT FALSE THING!"

One of the Republican Party's coming difficulties has to do with "cheap foreign labor." Hitherto "cheap foreign labor" has been the bugaboo with which the Republican Party has frightened the country into granting high, even monopoly, tariffs, but if the war continues at its present rate of destructiveness, the old argument will lose a lot of its hypnotic force. The function just now of "cheap foreign labor" is to be killed or maimed on Europe's firing line—not an effective preparatory course for an irresistible commercial onslaught upon the United States. The Republican spellbinders must think up some new stuff.

Dallas society women have put away the poodle and taken up the pet potato.  
—*Texas Sensation.*

Next, potato blankets and potato puttees. Soon, we suppose, a potato "stud," pedigreed potatoes and potato pups. Some world, my masters, some world!

The Pullman Company has raised the pay of all its porters. Any one wishing to be "brushed off" may still be accommodated, however.



THE WESTERNER: I get you, Teddy; I get you





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN**

Illustrations by **MERLE JOHNSON**

Alas, how is a man ignored  
Who strays beyond his doorway;  
Drop thou a tear for Henry Fjord,  
Who's home again from Njorway.  
He bade the cjauldron cease to bjoil,  
But still it slightly sjimmers.  
Enough! These days,  
Not all the j's  
Are in Norwegian primers.

Unless Vienna and Berlin  
Eat their defiant speeches,  
They soon will be accoutred in  
A pair of U. S. breaches.  
A little meal that Gary served  
Created quite a flutter;  
Lord Theodore  
Said something more  
Than "Kindly pass the butter."

John Bull will let his foes ship out  
Some dyes of certain blending,  
But not a word is said about  
The diestuffs *we* are sending.  
The Greeks and Chinks have ordered  
guns;  
Spain has already got 'em.  
Then, too, the Pope  
Expressed the hope  
That peace will come by autumn.

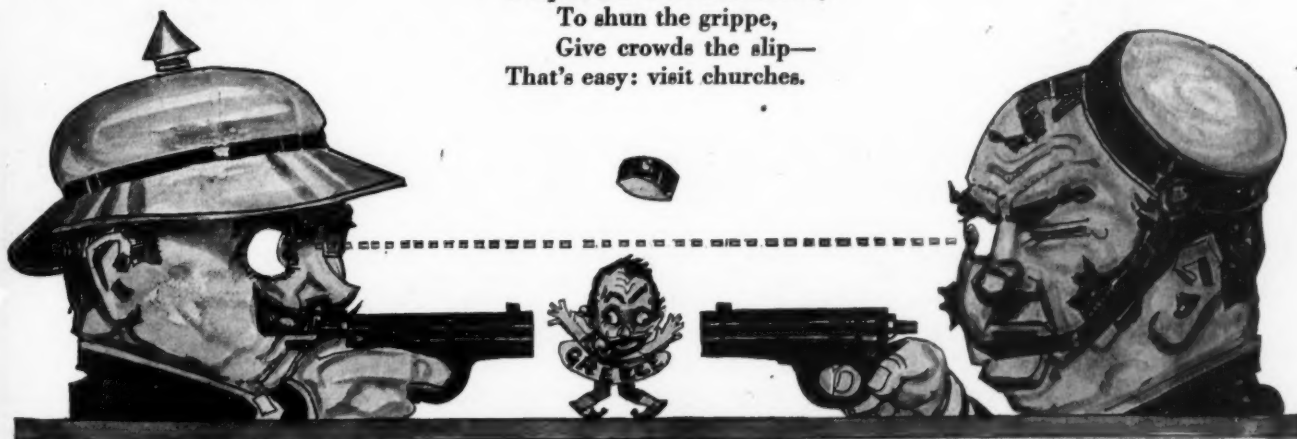


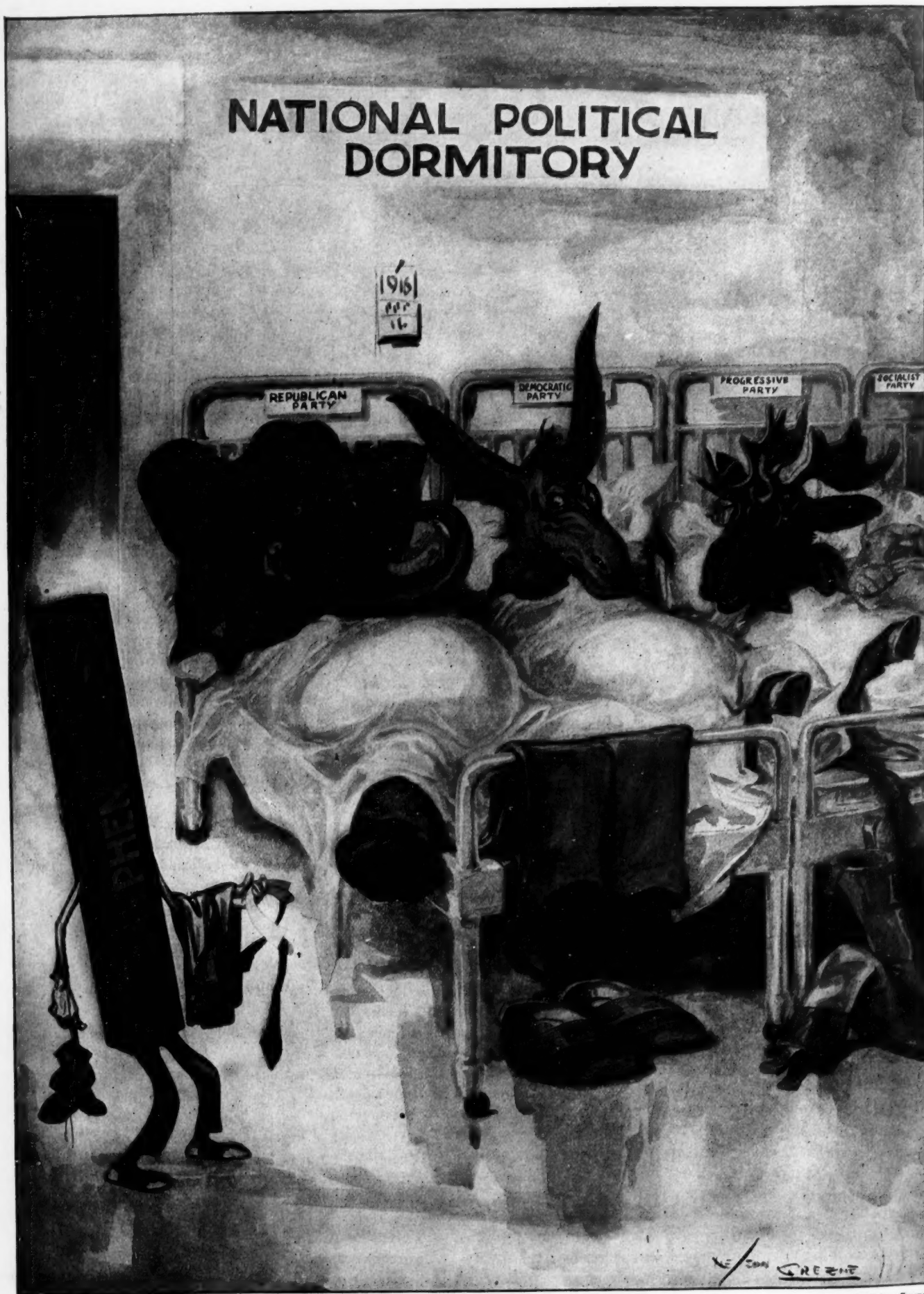
Neutrality, on land or seas,  
Nobody gives a dime for;  
The Kaiser has a long disease  
There isn't any rime for.  
Bill Sulzer cannot find a flock,  
Despite his earnest searches;  
To shun the grippe,  
Give crowds the slip—  
That's easy: visit churches.

The U. S. Secret Service staff  
Unearthed a German plotter;  
A girl was wooed by telegraph—  
A dashing Southern dotter.  
The baseball war has reached an end  
(Both sides came out as winners);  
The second course  
Will soon be horse  
At fashionable dinners.

Friend House's transatlantic trip  
Is food for speculation;  
Give ear to this exclusive tip:  
He isn't on vacation.  
The Kaiser plans another drive,  
With sword and double-barrel;  
He longs to say:  
"Calloo! Calais!"  
(With bows to Lewis Carroll.)

The easy-going English folk  
Are up against conscription;  
The pickled Piccadilly bloke  
Will take a young conniption.  
Man-eating germs are scattered by  
The coughers and the sneezy.  
More German plots  
Sprang up in spots . . .  
Who said this stuff was easy?






**POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS**  
But Nobody Seems Anxious to Share His Couch With the Hyphen

Drawn by Nelson Greene



"What Fools These Mortals Be"



(Established 1877)

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WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15, 1916

## Military Service; Some Day It Will Mean Service to the Public

Senator Works of California has introduced a bill in the Senate proposing a mobile land force and military reserve of 200,000 men and the appropriation of \$50,000,000 a year for ten years to maintain the corps.

Senator Works asks that the force be required to give ten months of each year to productive work of reforestation, irrigation and flood prevention and two months to military training. The force would normally be under control of the Secretary of the Interior, but in time of war the command of the force would pass to the War Department.

In a speech explaining and defending his plan, the Senator suggests that a million men might be recruited from the crowded tenement districts of the cities. He said that the expense of his plan could be met by the annual saving from flood waste to be effected through irrigation, reclamation and reforestation work of his provisional army during ten months in the year.

—Washington despatch.

**N**O, this is not idealistic nonsense; it is not Socialism. It embodies an idea of importance, a principle that will eventually prevail. To-day this plan of an "army of peace" is a joke. Fifty years from now it will be taken for granted. To-day military service is synonymous with the destruction of life and property. Fifty years from now military service will mean a life devoted to the elimination of dirt and disease, a life of service for the fostering of prosperity and happiness.

To-day the government is doing its duty only when it pays men to maim and get maimed. If it speaks of paying men to do constructive work, it is laughed at. Fifty years from now every government will pay men for productive work that will make them happy in the doing and all of us happier when it is done. Fifty years from now the government will give less attention to our protection in time of war and more to our prosperity and happiness in time of peace.

Will the army whose flying banners and blaring trumpets mean reclaimed lands, new farms, new discoveries and inventions, increased prosperity for all, be less glorious than when those same banners are the emblems of destruction and death? The military uniform thrills us now when it is worn by "him" going out to deal destruction and death. Will it thrill us less when it is worn by "him" going out to build up and reclaim?

## The Other Side of the Picture

**W**HEN a rich man makes a fool of himself, or shows himself a rascal, we hear of it in every edition of the daily press — and the public gossip. Why is it that we cannot occasionally be shown the other side of a picture?

In a recent open letter published by George W. Perkins, Chairman of the Committee on Food Supply for New York, he said: "The high cost of food supplies in New York City does not arise from lack of supplies in the country, for, as most farmers up the State know, vast quantities of produce are raised by them every year, for which they are not able to find a market at a sufficiently high price to pay for gathering. . . . The high price of foodstuffs to the people of our City is . . . largely occasioned because the supplies are controlled by traders in New York who bring them into the city and distribute them."

Vincent Astor's Public Market at Broadway and 95th Street, was built to combat this evil. It was built not as a charitable enterprise, but as an honorable business enterprise to make a fair profit and to demonstrate that this could be done while giving both dealer and consumer fairer prices than they have been getting under exploitation by "traders."

Vincent Astor's market seems to be succeeding. Its cleanliness, its fairness of prices to the dealer and to the consuming public have evoked commendation from every person who has taken the trouble to investigate it. But few of us care to take this trouble. We prefer to believe that all rich men are selfish crooks — many of them are, it is true; we will speak of some of them later — but young Vincent Astor so far has shown himself refreshingly different — public spirited, and energetic, a very admirable type of American. Let's be fair and give these facts the same publicity as we would give failures, blunders or dishonesty.

## What New York Needs

**A** RESTAURANT where the finger-nails of the waiters are as clean as the brass sign on the door.

A big-hearted, clean-souled president for its leading university.

Parks and streets as well cared for as the country places of its leading politicians.

A tax system that is not at once an incentive to perjury and a legislative joke.

A civic integrity as high as the Woolworth Building and the cost of living.

A little less hearkening to demagogues and a little more hearkening to conscience.

**H**ENRY Ford wants to establish a "permanent peace board" at The Hague. Andrew Carnegie's "permanent peace board" is already there. Why not establish a peace bungalow colony?





### ONE MORE BUNCH

"Marry you? Impossible! There is too much fur about the house now"

### Sternutation

It wasn't many weeks ago that news came from Chicago to the effect that in the libraries there readers were being warned by printed signs not to sneeze in the books. It seemed rather funny. Aside from the fact that a good deal of modern fiction is so filled with "pep" that a hearty sneeze might be regarded in the light of applause for the author, it seemed like an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the individual.

A later development is the "Watch-Your-Sneeze" campaign, initiated by the Bureau of Public Health and Hygiene of the New York Association for

Improving the Condition of the Poor. With the slogan, "Sneezes Spread Diseases, Coughs Fill Coffins," the Bureau is going to put an end to the pastime. At least, so far as the poor are concerned. Whether the Rich will quit sneezing out of delicacy remains to be seen.

Well, undoubtedly the society with the cumbrous name knows what is best. But it does seem a pity that the things we have most enjoyed in life should, one after another, be wrenched from us like edged-tools from children.

There is hardly a single human act that gives pleasure equal to that of a husky sneeze. Not only that, but a

fine, cheery sneeze likewise delights its auditors. Else why should they smile and say "God Bless Us!" as they frequently do? Note the enthusiasm of a man who is working up to a sneeze. He drops every other consideration. "Uh — uh — uh — uh — ker — ker — ker —"

"Chowwww!" And then he looks around as though to say, "By George, that was a corker."

On the other hand, observe the man who works up to a certain point: "Uh — uh — uh — uh — kkkkkkk —"

And then pauses a second and with a foolish and humiliated grin says apologetically, "I thought I had to sneeze." Whereupon the expectant crowd melts away with the impression that the fellow is a bluff.

### Might Be Any One

INMATE OF INSANE ASYLUM: Five to the right, two to the left, stop, turn again, five to the left —

VISITOR: What's the matter with that poor fellow?

ATTENDANT: That's what puzzles us. We can't make out whether he imagines he is a floorwalker, a new dance-step or a safe-combination.

### A War Echo

"Richmug, the eminent financier, who is so seriously ill, has both a German and an English specialist."

"How are they getting on?"

"Rotten. Every time one of them issues a bulletin the other immediately denies it."

"Papa, do you really believe it is true that rich men cannot go to heaven?"

"My son, it is more difficult for a rich man to get into heaven than it is for any vessel to get through the Panama Canal."



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN

### Headlines from History

It is greatly to be regretted that type and the printing press were not part of the world's equipment in Old Testament times. Witness the headlines printed below and judge if the newspaper did not miss a great opportunity by its failure to arrive until after the age of Gutenberg.

## LIVED IN STOMACH OF GREAT FISH FOR DAYS

John D. Jonah, Globe-Trotter, Accounts  
for Absence With Phoney  
Explanation

## STRONG MAN WRECKS A CHURCH IN ANGER

Henry M. Samson Pulls Down Pillars  
With Disastrous Results.  
Casualty List Grows

## PRINCESS ADOPTS BABE FROM RIVER

Miss Henrietta Pharaoh Finds  
Babe Among Bulrushes.  
Parentage Unknown

## RECORD-BREAKING FLOOD PREDICTED

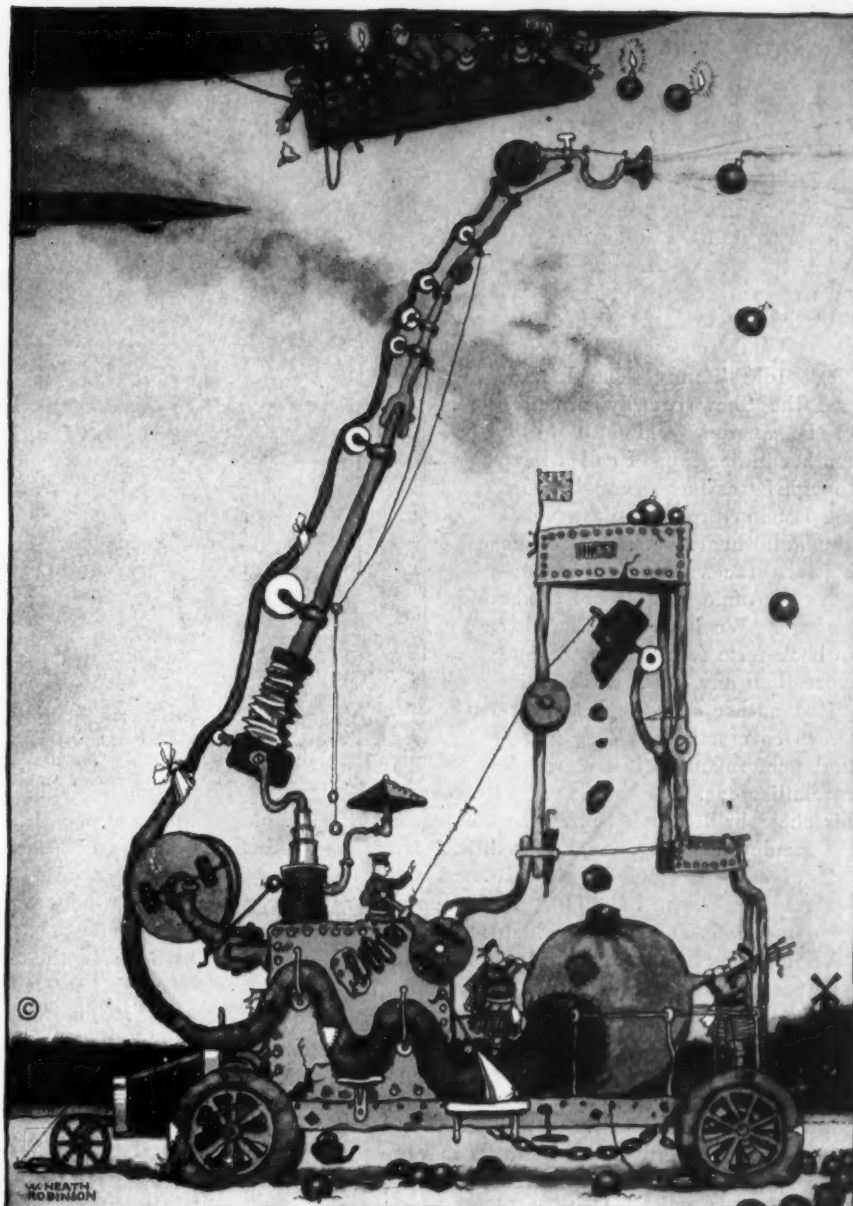
Noah Building House-Boat to Escape  
Drowning. Will Carry  
Menagerie

## METHUSELAH CELEBRATES HIS 950TH BIRTHDAY

Entertains Friends With Old Jests,  
and Ascribes Great Age  
to Drinking Beer

## DONKEY BURSTS INTO SPEECH; OWNER FAINTS

Astounding Occurrence Mystifies  
Local Scientists. Press  
Agent Story?



Drawn for Puck by  
Heath Robinson of London

### THE BLOW-BOMB

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A war-engine of defense for use in combating Zeppelins. Highland Pipers keep bag inflated with best Scotch wind. When Zeppelin appears, man pulls lever, causing rocks to drop on wind-bag. Wind passes from bag through tube to elevated outlet, and with a succession of sharp puffs, blows out lighted fuses of falling bombs

### Ten Reasons Why They Didn't Want the New Baby

They couldn't afford it.

If they had one they would have to have more, because everyone knows that one child in the family is invariably spoiled.

They read a book on birth control which proved there were too many people already.

She said it would break up her golf game.

He said he had seen so many babies go wrong, that he didn't want the responsibility.

A wealthy uncle advised against it. They wouldn't be able to keep servants.

It was practically impossible to get a good nurse.  
They wanted to go to Europe.  
They couldn't afford it.

Sebastian Lagana, one of four men who wrecked only one train on the New York, New Haven and Hartford, has been given two years in the penitentiary. Charles H. Mellen, we trust, is enjoying this crisp January weather.



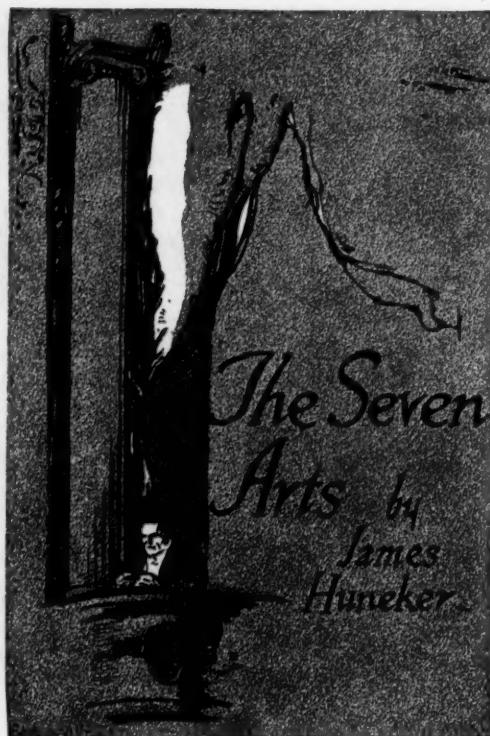
THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA



**Major Barbara**

Perhaps Grace George was struck by the timeliness of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," and perhaps her recent production at the Playhouse was only a coincidence; yet this amusing satire hits the war nail square on its ugly snout, and justifies the clever director of the theatre in her undertaking. Miss George has revived this season, with signal success, "The New York Idea" and "The Liars," and the Shaw comedy promises to be another and still taller feather in her cap. I call it new, though I was lucky enough to see the London production ten years ago and thus make comparisons between the varying interpretations of Annie Russell and Grace George. We have had the play in book form for some years, and more than any other work of its gifted author it reads better between covers than as seen in actual performance. The reason is a familiar one. Mr. Shaw talks too much and by reason of his sheer brilliancy obscures the conduct of his characters. As Henley said of George Meredith: "He writes with the pen of a great artist in his left-hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right. He is the master and victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind, and will not permit him to do things as an honest, simple person of genius would." Now, Mr. Shaw is not a genius, far from it; but he has a cerebral talent and a skittish Celtic temperament, and he is usually a bright particular star in our dull theatrical season, even if he is more concerned with the didactic than the dramatic. When his phrases are wedded to concrete ideas they hit the target of conviction; it is only when he deals in vague, windy socialistic speculations that he bores. Yes, he can be a formidable bore at times. Abstract ideas do not carry over the footlights, and so his last act of "Major Barbara" leaves us gasping like a fish out of water. We thirst for facts, but instead are given dusty theories.

**The Play** Nor is he quite honest in his ending. He may have desired to hold the scales fairly, or to emphasize William Blake's aphorism—that the road to wisdom lies through the valley of excess. It is a conclusion that pleases neither the pacifists nor the upholders of that horrible, vocable, "preparedness." To abolish war by means of war is one of those paradoxes that must have set chuckling the philosopher of Adelphi Terrace. But it doesn't commend itself to the peace-at-any-price adherent. It seems to dodge the issue. As if one should say: "Let's get drunk and thereby avoid the temptation of Demon Rum." Nietzsche's interpretation of a familiar Biblical text is another such casuistical case. "Resist not evil!" he construed to mean, indulge in evil, and be over with the trouble. Mr. Shaw knew at the time when he wrote "Major Barbara" that war is, and always will be, a concomitant of civilization, and since the outbreak of the present European conflict he has made many friends on either side of the channel by speaking his unvarnished and unpalatable "truths." Really, you may enjoy this new piece of his as a contribution written in advance—to the thrice tiresome theme of war. His pro-



tagonist is the gunmaker Andrew Undershaft, his daughter Barbara being only an ear—and a Salvation Army bonnet—for the receptacle of his hard Gradgrind facts. Barbara also talks. Talks too much, says that unregenerate coster, Bill Walker. She says nothing of value, though she gives away the Salvation Army case. Mr. Shaw with his accustomed cruel precision pricks that vulgar religious bubble. He shows us its better side, but mocks at its "spiritual" aims. All this in the second act, which is the only one of the three which contains a whiff of dramatic life. I've often noticed that the real Shaw emerges when he comes to grips with life. In "Fannie's First Play" (or is it Fanny?) the middle-class cockneys are alive; the others are sawdust and stalking horses for his theories. But let him turn his searchlight on low life and the result is rich. The old rascal of a dirtman in his

flower girl play, "Pygmalion," and the two costers in this present one are all studied on the spot and react at once on our consciousness of reality. Not the munition maker nor his family are as vital as Bill Walker, who sees through the game, who pronounces the Salvation Army ideal of conversion and soul-saving (what is a soul, and if it exists somewhere in the fourth dimension of space, why should it be saved?) as "tosh"; which I take to be Whitechapel for bosh! The first act is mere drawing-room piffle, witty talk put into the mouths of foolish people and one prig. Mr. Shaw's well-to-do young men are always of the silly ass conventional theatric type. Barbara herself is a fiction. Her mother is voluble, not real, her brother and sister also unconvincing, and the pair of prospective sons-in-law are freaks. It is to the portraits of the Salvation Army forces at the West Ham Shelter that we must look for life. And perhaps the most dramatic moment in the entire play is when Bill Walker smashes some crockery against the wall of the Shelter. The two sisters of the Army are clearly drawn and credible; so is the hypocritical character, only a silhouette, of Snobby Price. As for logical construction, Mr. Shaw has long ago dispensed with such superfluity. His story is purely fantastic, and has no more relation to English life than would a romance taken from the Arabian Nights; but like that classic, his narrative is entertaining. To be instructive and entertaining is almost too much to demand of a playwright. Yet he fulfills both with admirable ease. Amusing is his reference to a large electric sign, advertising Dewar's whisky across the Thames, a familiar and blinking spectacle to all who patrol the famous embankment. Well, Mr. Shaw lives at Adelphi Terrace, nearly opposite that sign, which he likens in the play to a beacon of hell for drunkards. But he says nothing about the equally as dazzling display made by the Lipton tea people further down at Blackfriars Bridge. Mr. Shaw once declaimed against the tea-drinking propensity of the English race, for he doesn't, or didn't, drink tea. It's a poison and waste of time and money, according to St. Bernard. It's as bad in the long run as alcohol. Let me suggest that he adds a line giving

(Continued on page 18)





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## THE WREATH OF ANEMONES

### Celestial Comedy

His Excellency the President of China sat in the Palace, in the Forbidden City, reading Marc Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar*:

Ye all did see how on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown

Which he did thrice refuse. . . .

His Excellency smiled to himself, an inscrutable Eastern smile.

"Damfool!" he murmured; "Dambarbarian! He should have taken it! What say the precepts of Lan? 'If one offer thee a crown once, refuse with thanks! If he offer it twice, refuse with tears! If he offer it a third time, it is the Will of Heaven!' To which may be added," mused His Excellency: "If he does not offer it the third time, shoot him! And what says the sage Confucius? 'He who would be nominated should nominate the Nominating Committee!'"

He tapped a little gong. Honorable Loot, his Secretary, appeared, kowtowing vociferously.

"What do you think of our Republic?" His Excellency asked, as the Honorable Loot rose again to his feet. Honorable Loot scanned that deep to-

paz eye, which he had learned to read.

"Perfectly rotten, you know! Damrotten! What?" he answered. Honorable Loot was an Oxford graduate.

"If you were the Heavenly Ex-

pense, how would you — ah! — remedy this rottenness?" again asked His Excellency, his gem-like eye fixed on Loot.

"Make it a bally Empire, what?" softly answered Loot.

"Tut-tut-tut!" sighed His Excellency. "I am weary of my great burden! Yet as Heaven wills! — Go, choose out a Nominating Committee! Let them be well instructed!"

"It is done!" said the Honorable Loot, again kowtowing loudly and withdrawing.

The Serene Committee came.

"Be our Emperor!" said the committee.

"No! No! It may not be!" sighed His Excellency.

The committee asked again.

His Excellency wept.

The committee, perturbed, made to withdraw.

"Whither away, you idiots?" cried His Excellency; "do you not know the Precepts of Lan?"

Honorable Loot alone comprehended.

"Have a crown on us, old top!" said Honorable Loot.

"I'll go you!" said His Excellency. "Let the coronation kimonos be prepared!"

C. J.



### NOWADAYS

"They tell me Tottie Tiptoes has gone back something awful"

"She surely has. Two or three years ago she could have had a minor part in any moving-picture company in the country and this year she is only the star of a Broadway production"



IN POLITE SOCIETY

WOMAN WITH MATCH: I loathe smoking; I do it only

Puck



ITE SOCIETY

; I do it only because I hate to be conspicuous

DRAWN BY FOSTER LINCOLN





By Hy Mayer

# PLAYING SAFE

STAGE MANAGER (to musical clown): Say, cut out the dachshund; I don't want no row in the audience — this house is neutral

# CONCERNING BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

By CHARLES JOHNSTON



Yes, I told myself for the third time, as I came to my second breakfast roll, I absolutely must get a Birthday present for Little Evelyn! She and I owe it to ourselves — for Evelyn is one of the two young ladies who have paid me the supreme compliment of kissing me on sight, before we had been introduced, or even spoken to each other. So, holding on to the strap of the trolley, reading about the Kaiser, I came in front of Toyland. Happy thought! as Burnand used to say: Get Evelyn a doll! So, still half absorbed in my newspaper, I took the elevator. I said, briskly, yet with a touch of self-consciousness, to the elevator-boy, "Dolls!" He winked. It was the Doll floor. That was evident. Dolls, slews of them; oodles of dolls; not singly, but in battalions. Old dolls, young dolls, respectable dolls — the other kind. And suddenly it dawned on my shocked mind, that dolls can be seriously improper! So great was the shock that, avoiding the blue eye of a blonde chorus-girl looking doll, I was backing towards the elevator, when a motherly person in specs intercepted me.

"What was it you wished, sir?" she said, patronizingly. "I — I should like to see, ah! some dolls!" I stammered, and the motherly person took it as the most natural thing in the world. Evidently all the middle-aged persons of her acquaintance play with dolls.

"I will send the saleslady!" she said, and moved away noiselessly. Whereat the sweetest, innocentest, demurest young person of about eighteen, with pretty eyes and very attractive lips, planted herself immediately in front of me, and asked, with gentle insistence:

"Do you like blondes or brunettes best?"

I was frightfully embarrassed; hadn't an idea what she was talking about, but felt that she was terribly personal. Again the bronzed blush mantled the wrinkled brow. Then I had an inspiration — look at her own hair, and answer according! So I did, so far as a flurried mind could. Not a bit of use! Her hair — for some reason, which I did not regret — was about halfway brown; too dark for a blonde; too light for a brunette. I was stumped. But I tried another tack.

"It would depend on their characters!" I said. She looked genuinely puzzled. After a moment she said:

"But — if they don't have any characters?"

Deeply embarrassed, I was going to explain — hoping it would have no personal bearing — that, in that case, I should refuse to be introduced to them; then, fortunately, I saw a way out:

"Depends on what is in their hearts!" She looked at me with the puzzled expression. Then she said:

"Why, sawdust, of course!"

"Sawdust.!!?"

"Of course! Dolls always do! . . . Didn't you know?"

Then it flashed on me! . . . Of course! . . . Evelyn's doll. And this was the saleslady. Why the dickens hadn't she said so? So, rather testily, as befitted iron-gray hair, I said:

"Better show me some of both kinds!"

She went away, and I ruminated on the Kaiser's just deserts. After a moment she came back.

"About how much?" she asked, demurely still, but with an air of being on her guard, as people do, when they talk to cranks.

"— At least for life! But I'm in favor of hanging him!" I answered. Then I suddenly came to myself. "Oh, I beg your pardon! How do they run?"

"Twenty-five, fifty, one, two, three, four, five, ten!" she said rapidly.

Considering my relations with Evelyn, I said:

"Let me see some about two!" That, I hoped, would settle it.

Yet the worst — the unimaginable worst — was yet to come.

Strolling pensively back to me, she again looked me squarely in the eye, and while I was admiring her pretty face, she said, suddenly:

"Do you like them dressed, or — not?"

I blushed so furiously, that the resulting bronze was reflected in her fair cheek. Then I fell a-thinking. I didn't want to invest in a whole lot of silken finery, awfully expensive, sure to be, even for Evelyn.

So, mastering my shyness, I stammered:

"Well, ah! have — haven't you something between?" She sailed off, and presently came back with an armful. We compromised on one in a nightgown, packed in a respectable cardboard box. Then, breathing hard, I escaped to the elevator. And that demure young thing stood giggling. . . .



"Blondes or Brunettes?"





"I'll fool that near-sighted old flirt with my snow man"

"Oh—ah—good morning, Miss Snowbunting!"

"Why, the poor girl has lost her head completely over me!"

### The Smile That Must Come Off

A recent issue of the esteemed *Outlook* contained a charming picture. It was a group photograph of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, the latter holding in her lap a most excellent grandchild. Grandchild was smiling, Grandma was smiling, Grandpa was smiling—but it is solely with Grandpa's smile that we have to do here.

Grandpa looked a trifle ill at ease. His smile did not quite seem to fit. It appeared to be kept with difficulty under the proper restraint; proper restraint, that is, in a purely domestic picture; such a picture as any man, even a mollycoddle or a weakling, might decide to have taken. With a grandchild and Mrs. Roosevelt in the group, the Colonel could not well be the whole thing, as he invariably is when groups are taken at the rear end of a campaign train or at the speakers' table somewhere. It was the Colonel's job in the *Outlook's* picture to look grandpaish; that is, kindly, quietly genial, thoroughly domesticated. Did he? Well, perhaps. But to us he looked more like the cat which had just eaten the canary. He seemed almost to be purring, and to purr, you know, at anything, even at a grandchild, is not the Roosevelt way.

If the Colonel is to pose in any more grandchild pictures—and it seems more than likely that he will—he should be given a chance to be himself, to free himself from the restraint of too much domesticity. The setting and grouping of the next picture, and indeed of all subsequent pictures, should be such as will give the Colonel legitimate excuse for "feeling like a bull moose" and looking so. That "nice kitty, pretty puss" expression does not

become the Colonel's face. He must smile at grandchild in the "bully, by George!" manner of the campaign or the bear hunt. He must look as pleased in the presence of a live grandchild as he does in the presence of a dead bobcat. This is absolutely essential.

### Clean Up, Gentlemen of the House!

One of your members, Buchanan of Illinois, has been honored with a Federal indictment for conspiracy in connection with the Hyphenated propaganda.

Congress is no place for this particular breed of agitator. That Lamar, sin-

ister "Wolf of Wall Street," is also named in the indictment, takes it out of the scope of even a misapplied allegiance to any honest principle. There's a slimy trail somewhere; the Wolf follows no other kind.

A constituency back in Illinois needs Buchanan much more than Washington needs him. If his neighbors cannot find a job for him, perhaps his friend Rintelen, the Kaiser's pal, might take care of him.

The point is, he should be removed from the payroll of the United States Government instantler.

His presence in the House of Representatives is an unspeakable insult to every intelligent man in that body.



### THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

"How things change, Henry! Do you remember how we used to come out here and pick violets?"



## Footpaths of Fate

*Bowing in the Dust of O. Henry's  
"Roads of Destiny"*

George Williams was a dishwasher in a Bowery restaurant, and was very good at it. He had ambition, however, and between the rush hours he read stray magazines on Social Advance and Business Success. One day, reading, he fell asleep and dreamed three dreams:

### I

George Williams rose from dishwashery and became an Uplifter's apprentice. He wrote pieces and made speeches showing that the workingman should have shorter hours and more pay. His employer, who was the head of the Lift Them League, did not know that George had been a dishwasher. He thought George had always written Cosmic Urge stuff. He liked George's work so well that he kept urging him — not cosmicly, but just regularly — to do more. So George worked for sixteen hours a day urging employers not to work their help more than eight hours a day. He never thought to ask his employer for good wages for himself. Presently George fell ill from overwork and malnutrition, and he was breathing his last when his employer came to say good-by to him.

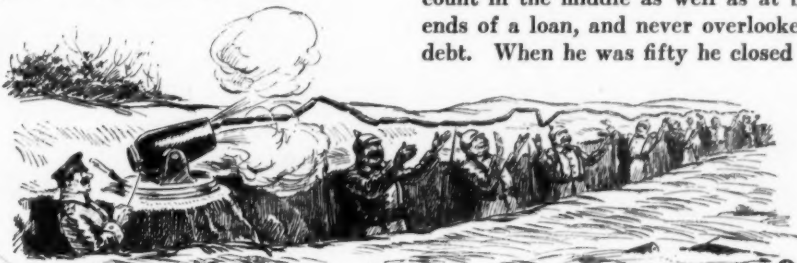
"It may soothe your last moments to know, George," said the employer, "that all the restaurants, even the Bowery ones, have agreed to give the dishwashers \$5 a day for seven hours' work."

### II

George Williams rose from dishwashery and became a nihilanarchist, believing that this was the only way to solve the problems of the human race. His co-workers did not know that he had been a dishwasher, for George had rather a princely bearing. They watched their young leader strike down king after king and law after law. Then, one day when George was absent, they had a little talk about him. When he returned they led him to the block, or scaffold.

"Why?" inquired George.

"You have too commanding a presence," they explained. "We fear you would be a king among us, and we cannot have any more kings."



LUNCH-TIME IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES

Drawn by Sanford Towner



Drawn by C. H. Forbell

### THE FLIRT'S AMBITION

"Whom will you get for a leader?" asked George.

"We intend," said his executioners, "to adopt as our chief some humble character, for instance, and preferably a dishwasher."

### III

George Williams rose from dishwashery and became a banker. He worked nineteen hours a day, discovered a new method of charging interest and discount in the middle as well as at both ends of a loan, and never overlooked a debt. When he was fifty he closed out

all his interests and had 483 million dollars. Best of all, not a soul knew that he ever had been a dishwasher. He went to be thoroughly examined by his doctor and he asked that worthy specialist where he thought he could find the most comfort. The doctor replied that it was a choice between Greenwood and the crematory.

"The fact is, Mr. Williams," said the doctor, "that you have a fatal disease of the heart. The peculiarity about this disease is that the only men exempt from it are those who are actively engaged in one certain occupation."

"And who," asked George, "are those fortunates?"

"Dishwashers," replied the doctor.

George Williams's boss awakened him rudely. "How can you hope," he said, "to be anything but a dishwasher if you don't stay awake?"

"I don't hope," said George.

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Tonight?

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**PLAYHOUSE** 48th Street East of Broadway  
Evenings at 8:15, Matinee Wed-  
nesday and Saturday, 2:15  
**GRACE GEORGE**  
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BERNARD SHAW'S  
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**COMMON CLAY** By Elmer  
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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—Lou-Tellegen  
SHUBERT—Alone at Last  
COMEDY—Hobson's Choice  
44th STREET—Katinka

## The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10)

tea and Sir Thomas fits for thus optically debauching victims of the herb that consoles but does not intoxicate. Then the play for propaganda purposes would be well-nigh admirable, missing only a fulminating attack on tobacco.

**The Performance** Miss George played Barbara Undershaft in a discreet manner.

She has neither the art nor the personality of Annie Russell, and missed the shining religious fervor which invested the utterances of the Salvation lassie in the second act. But her assumption was polished and her diction excellent, except when she became emotional; then the old sing-song cadence was sounded. But this mannerism was only intermittent. She has charm, and possibly being an accomplice of Father Time, has seemingly persuaded him to put back his clock of the years. She looks younger than when she made her début here two decades ago. Louis Calvert, who originated the Andrew Undershaft of the London performance, was in the same part as acceptable now as then. He makes the man viable, and in his mouth the monstrous paradoxes are, at least, half-truths. Mr. Calvert also directed the New York production, which is an admirable one. Ernest Lawford can't help being comical. Perhaps he may look on that trait in the light of a personal tragedy. Nevertheless, he had his serious moments, and punched the big drum with perfervid virtuosity. Charlotte Granville, Margaret Calvert, Mary Nash, Clarence Derwent, John Cromwell, Norah Lamison, Richard Clarke and Arthur Eldred were well cast—the latter gave an effective sketch of a religious sneak. The character that will remain longer in my memory is the vigorously conceived and sharply achieved picture of recalcitrant Bill Walker by that brilliant young actor, Conway Tearle. It's the most natural rôle in the play and not an iota of its significance was overlooked by Mr. Tearle. Somehow or other each play in which he appears he looms larger as an artist. I hope he won't accuse me of favoritism for telling the truth. Don't miss "Major Barbara," for the Lord only knows in what intellectual stable Bernard Shaw will find his next hobby-horse. He is all light and no heat—to borrow his admirable characterization of Mendelssohn's music.

Why is alimony like a gas bill? Because it's a monthly contribution to a former flame.

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**WAR NOTE:**

"Hard blows were dealt simultaneously from three German fronts"

**Uncanny**

**THE COLONEL:** So the bank refused to cash that check I gave you, Rastus!

**RASTUS:** Yessah. Dat cashier man dun hab, positively de most uncanny mind Ah ebah saw, sah.

**THE COLONEL:** Uncanny?

**RASTUS:** Yessah. Jes' as soon as Ah dun tell him whose check Ah had he said it was no good eben befo' he dun look at it, sah.

The Pope has postponed the canonization of Joan of Arc until the end of the war, but the Germans have not been so particular. They have canonized numerous saints and churches since the outbreak of hostilities.



**AS HE SEEMS**

The last one in a crowded elevator

**cut out winter  
go to sunny-summerly  
California**

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# Come to Helvetia and Help Us!

They were standing on the deck of the Oscar II., the frowning cliffs of Norway rising before them.

"Before us, to the north," said Cook's guide, with a large wave of his hand, "spread the blue waters of Sagne Fiord!"

Henery started and knit his brows.

"Immediately to the south," the guide continued, "the hills are pierced by Stammer Fiord!"

Henery scowled and bit his lip.

"Then comes Bergenhuus Fiord—"

"Ford!" snapped Henery.

"I prefer to say 'Mister,'" explained the guide. "Our people insist. . . . Then, south of Bergenhuus Fiord, come Hinderaa Fiord, Stavanger Fiord—"

"'Ford!' 'Ford!' 'Ford!' you idiot! Not Fyord!" Henery stormed.

The wireless crackled overhead. The operator dashed along the deck, cutting short the outbreak.

"'S. O. S.' 'S. O. S.'!" he gasped. Henery flushed and drew himself up.

"Is it Wil—?" The operator shook his head.

"Or Nich—?" Again a head shake, as he held forth this message:

"Come over to Helvetia and help us!"

To explain this mystery:

That morning in the vast, empty ballroom of the Hôtel de l'Europe at Montreux, beside the Lake of Geneva, were gathered a group of disconsolate men; they were the Incorporated Hotel-Keepers of Switzerland. Suddenly M. Bonnivard, proprietor of the hotel, who had been reading the Paris edition of the *Herald*, flushed red and rose to his feet.

"Messieurs! I have it! Let us invite the Pilgrims here—in the name of the Peace-Keepers of Switzerland!" It was carried unanimously! The wireless, instantly despatched, caught the Oscar II. off the Fiords.

"Wire the Great News to Deetroit!" commanded Henery. It was done.

"What does Dee-troit answer?" he asked, as the Hertzian waves sizzled back and forth.

"This!" triumphantly answered the operator:

"'In the name of the American Nation: Let Henry go to HEL-VETIA!'"

C. J.

"She has a box at the opera, but never goes."

"Well, as long as you have a box, it isn't necessary to go."



## Men's Dress Accessories That Express the Niceties of Style

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**SUCH A TIMELY REMARK**  
**HIS WIFE:** Can't you hurry and start, George?  
 I'm getting awfully thirsty

### The Criterion

"I dined at my fiancée's home to-day."

"No doubt they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?"

"Not yet. They haven't reached the point where they bawl me out if I make a spot on the table-cloth."

It's safe to say that Britain will never again draw to a strait open only at one end.



THE COAST OF AFRICA

### In Bad

**MAUDE:** How does your family like your new feller?

**MABEL:** Not at all. Mama says he will run if you say "Boo" to him and papa says he will run if you say "Buy" to him.



A COMMON COMPLAINT

**Boy:** Say, Mister, would you oil my enjin'—its wheels squeak too

MELLOW  
AS  
MOONLIGHT

# CASCADE

THE road to pure whisky is an arduous one—the road to mellow whisky is a long one—our faithfulness in following both these roads, care and time, is what makes Cascade distinctive.

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**PURE WHISKY**



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"The sip before Dinner?"

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 and quinine is an unfailing remedy in curing colds and preventing serious developments.

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 "Same for 100 years"  
 proves invaluable and saves many a doctor's bill. It possesses decidedly strengthening qualities and should be in the home, at all times, for emergencies. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

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S. R. O.

TRAMP (to third dog): G'wan home — there's only room fer two o' yer

### No Wonder

MCCARTHY: Shure, they tell me thot durin' the law-suit whin yez was bein' sued by Casey thot yez slugged yure own lawyer. Phwat was the matter?

MALONEY: Matter? Shure, while Oi was on the witness sthand Casey jumps up an', shakin' his fist in me face, hollers, "Maloney, yure a low-down, crooked, thieving, bleery-eyed, cowardly, drunken, shiftliss loafer, ain't yez?" an' before Oi had toime to do a dom thing thot little divil av a lawyer av moine up an' hollers, "Witness decloines to answer."

It is better to be on pleasure bent than crooked in business.



—The Sphere, London.

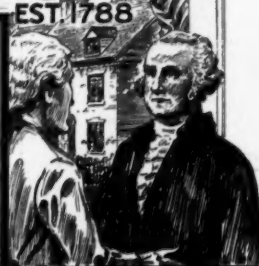
**A NOVEL RECRUITING SUGGESTION**  
This wounded soldier has hit on a telling idea to attract recruits. Novel, 'tis true. Yet we question the advisability of so forcibly reminding the "slacker" that he is likely to lose a leg or so

## Carstairs Rye

ESTD 1788

A Year Before The Father of His Country Took The Oath of Office

Carstairs Rye was the country's standard. Each succeeding year has shown increased popularity. Used "straight," or in High Balls, Carstairs Rye—in the non-refillable bottle—has no superior.



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This semi-tropical land of smiling skies and blue water is best and most comfortably reached by direct steamers from New York.

**12-Day \$63.40 Tour**

Leaving New York Saturday of any week, at 1 P.M. via Mallory Line, you have a restful and invigorating sea-voyage down the coast, passing the gem-like Florida Keys and arrive on the fourth day at Key West, the "American Gibraltar"—entrance to the "American Mediterranean"—with its great Naval and Military Stations, sponge fisheries and famous cigarfactories. Interesting side-trips can be made to Havana, Cuba, or, via "Over-Sea Railway," to Miami, Palm Beach, etc.

Continuing on same steamer, another day's voyage brings you to Tampa—gateway to the famous resorts of the West Coast; St. Petersburg, "The Sunshine City," Belleair, or Pass-a-Grille—famous for year 'round surf bathing, fishing, etc. From Tampa by a short rail ride to Sanford, you then embark on that wonderful "Daylight and Searchlight" trip on the St. John's River—"The American Nile"—through a wealth of tropical scenery with glimpses of alligators, birds of beautiful plumage, and picturesque native settlements, until you reach Jacksonville—where again you can plan side-trips to gay Atlantic Beach or quaint old St. Augustine.

Returning northward from Jacksonville by Clyde Line steamer, a call at Charleston reveals much of interest, with forts Moultrie and Sumter of Civil War fame, the Charleston Navy Yard, old Cathedrals, and the Battery Esplanade with its homes of old southern aristocracy.

Another two days of complete relaxation aboard ship from Charleston, brings you to New York and ends a most interesting and altogether satisfying tour.

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you will not find the old style advertising calendar, but in its place one of the handsome new PUCK CALENDARS for 1916





#### THE SKATING LESSON

"Say, Jimmie, when you're through usin' your Pa, can I borrow him?"

#### Drinks and Medicines

Of course, most people know that alcohol in large quantities is bad for the stomach, bad for the head and bad for the whole man. That's why the following statistics—which are anything but "dry"—are of real interest:

	Per cent alcohol.
American lager beer.....	3.8
English ale and porter.....	5
French claret.....	8
Rhine wine.....	8.7
Champagne .....	10
Sherry .....	17.5
<i>Electric Brand Bitters</i> .....	18
<i>Peruna</i> .....	18
<i>Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Comp.</i> .....	18
<i>Paine's Celery Compound</i> .....	19.9
<i>Wine of Cardui</i> .....	20
Gin .....	30
Whisky (American, common).....	35
Scotch whisky.....	40
<i>Hall's Great Discovery</i> .....	43
Brandy .....	47
Rum .....	60
<i>Hamlin's Wizard Oil</i> .....	65

The figures on the patent medicines (in italics) are from the Department of Agriculture, Washington; the figures on the honest liquor, from Dr. O'Malley's book, "The Cure of Alcoholism."

Sincere friends of true temperance are urging legislation to prohibit the sale of rank liquors masking under the guise of medicine, together with legislation looking toward the conversion of the American dive and saloon into some form of the German beer-garden and the French open-air café.

The General Board recommended 40 battleships, it turns out, and Mr. Daniels pared the number to 16 before turning the report over to Congress. If that isn't pre-paredness, what is?

More horrors of war. Phonographs are being sent to the trenches.

ARTHUR RUHL has visited more of the battle fronts of the great war than any other American correspondent. He went to Belgium and was present at the Fall of Antwerp; he has been at the German, Austrian, French, and English fronts. He has gone through Rumania and Serbia to Gallipoli and back through the Balkans to Bulgaria. From there he has sent the latest of his colorful, masterful articles, "BULGARIA IN THE WAR." Watch for it in the January 15th issue of

**Collier's** <sup>5¢ a copy</sup>  
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